sack, without any special object, except that which impels a soldier to hold onto everything he gets that doesn't belong to him. I had no use for it and could imagine mone, but I was too young and indifferent to the rights of belligerents or their allies on the other side to give a thought as to

on the other side to give a thought as to what the owner's wishes might be. We carried the stove and flour into the second

story and made slap-jack tarts with the raspberry jam as long as we could eat, and as often as appetite returned. Early on the morning of the battle, which occur-

red on the 13th, Sergt. H. came to me and said that he had had a very annoying dream the night before; that he had dream-

ed that he was shot in the stomach, which was of all places that in which he most dreaded to be hit. Foolish as the fancy

was, he could not resist it. In order to forestall fate, if possible, he had folded his bianket as closely as he could inside of the breast of his blouse and fortified himself

there with such other articles as he could conveniently apply to the locality. He said he had just heard that I had a silk dress and that some of the boys had said that silk compactly folded would offer great resistance to a bullet. I cheerfully gave him

the dress, which he added to his other de-

it also depended in front of the region al-

ready so well protected.
"When the regiment, in proceeding to the

assault, had reached the railroad cut and

tended for it, as well as those which burst

CHRISTMAS IN MONTREAL.

Sunday School Celebration With the

Thermometer Below Zero.

"Among the most pleasant Christmas

experiences that I have had," said Rev.

Dr. Hugh Johnston, pastor of Metropolitan

M. E. Church, "were those I spent during

"There the cccasion was made the an-

nual reunior, of the Methodist Episcopal

Sunday schools of the city, and I have seen

more than 3,000 children in the galleries

alone of my church on Great James street.

These children came from every part of the

city, most of them being conveyed in big

sleighs, with the thermometer down to

"The exercises were of a rather unique character, and although there were many

brief addresses by adults, the principal part of the program was rendered by children. Reports were made as to the amount of

missionary money collected by the mem-bers of each school during the preceding

twelve months, and sometimes as much as

\$4,000 or \$5,000 was paid over to the treas-

urer of the missionary cause during the

services of the day. Sometimes the officers of my school would keep in the background and hold back the school's report until after all the others had been handed in, and

if ours was less than the largest, my offi-

cers would individually contribute enough to make up a sum so as to win the prize which was offered."

IN JAIL IN CHINA.

How a Washingtonian Spent One

Memorable Christmas.

will live in my nemory until time has

ccased to be," said Mr. Eugene Kernan to

a reporter of The Star the other day. "And

whenever the holidays come about I am

forcibly reminded of one of them, and I

thank God that I am an American citizen.

I refer to a Christmas spent in China, away

back in the fifties. I was a kid then and

did not appreciate how near I was to

death. I ran away from home to follow the

sea. I first shipped on the Rattler, a mer-

chantman, bound for Amsterdam and the Mediterranean. After an experience which only can be gained before the mast, I ship-

ped with the bark Annapolis from San Francisco for Shanghai, China. About fifty

miles from Hoosong our ship lost her keel

and we had to work the tides to make port.

We of the fo'castle were always bent on

mischief, and although a young man my

was Christmas eve) a party of us slipped

away, bent on a shore trip. We had no trouble in reaching the city, and imme-

diately began to celebrate, as only sailors

can who have been affoat for weeks. You can guess the result. We got in a fight on

the outskirts of the city, and, as I after-

ward learned, three Chinamen and one American were killed. I was separated

from the rest of the party, and when I re-

covered my senses the ship's boat had disappeared and I was alone. I had evidently

been asleep for when I awoke the bark had disappeared. I looked about me, and saw

a band of coolies appreaching from the

west. They were evidently looking for trouble. They found it all right enough, and me in the bargain. Up to that time ididn't remember a thing of what had happened, and when they bound me hand and forten and when they bound me hand and

foot and carried me away I didn't know

carried to Shanghai and thrown into a house near the wharf. There were several men already in there, and one of them I

recognized as Jimmy McCreery, a pat of mine aboard the Annapolis. We stayed there a couple of hours and were then thrown, like sacks of flour, into a yawl boat and carried aboard the United States steamer Plymouth. This was during the layer expedition and I simply believe that

Japan expedition, and I firmly believe that I would have been killed had not the United

States cruiser been there. Christmas day we were carried before the American con-sul at Shanghai, with an escort of marines from the Plymouth, and from there taken

before the Shanghai court, where we were tried for murder before twelve judges. No

damaging testimony was produced against us, and we were liberated; but I shall nev-ed forget the torture of that day. I after-

ward learned the particulars of the fight from some of the sallors. A sailor named Bill Vallian had killed the three Chinks

himself and was speared to death while swimming to the ship,"

A CHRISTMAS FOOT BALL STORY.

How the Team From Annapolis Came

Down to Washington.

"I remember one Christmas day," said

Ensign N. E. Irwin, on duty at the Navy

Department, "when the foot ball team of

the Naval Academy came down to this

city and wiped the earth up with the All-

think it was the only time the caders ever

played foot ball in Washington. It was

not supposed to be the Academy team, but

it was all the same. The members were

given leave of absence on that Christmas day and all came down to Washington in the morning. I don't remember them all, but there were Catlin, Emrich, Sullivan, Taylor, Ruhm, Garthey, Williams, Latimer

and myself, with Trench and Althouse

Latimer

Washington team. It was in 1889, and I

"Well, to make a long story short, I was

what it was for.

night after we came to anchor (it

self I reveled in anything exciting.

"There are two Christmas days which

my ministry in Montreal.

zero or below that point.

thing within their deadly zones.

"I afterward learned that in addition to

great development, after Linnaeus, the Swede, whose name has been given to a neighboring street. Tournefort and the

heighboring street. Tournefort and the three Jussieus in succession, with unwearying labor, here mapped out the details of the science of plants as we now know it. Here, too. Buffon wrote his glant work on natural history, which made the study of animals popular, and it was he who gave the present plan of the garden, with its long lime tree alleys reaching back from the river.

the river.

Mineralogy was constituted here as a science by the classification of Hauy. Lavoisier presided over the beginnings of modern chemistry, and here Geoffrey Saint Hilaire and Lamarck made those speculations on the origin of animal species which were afterward taken up by Charles Darwin and have given us the evolution theory that now rules natural science. Most fliustrious of all was the great Cuvier. His house is still preserved close to one of the entrances of the garden.

At the present day the schools with lec-

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC.

the Day Was Celebrated on

"I was strongly reminded of a certain Christmas experience I had in the arctic," said Commodore G. W. Melville of the navy, "while listening to the recent lecture of Dr. Nansen, whom I had the honor of introducing to his audience. While he spoke I reveled as an older viking might have done over the deeds of a younger brother, and the vivid story he told started seventeen or more years ago, when I was on the ill-fated Jeannette, slowly drifting along the north coast of Siberia. It was about this season of the year, and, as usual, we were preparing for our Christmas festival, as has been done time out of mind by all good arctic men, for, let the ice drift as it could, let old Boreas howl as he might, and the gentle white mantle of snew fall and drift until our good ship was all but snowed under, still the hope of the future, the love of home, served to cheer us up, as we remembered the happy home and firesides of youth and those who were more dear to us than life itself. So as Christmas time rolled round we were not despondent. We were not unhappy. We had the happy consolation of knowing that there were fond hopes for the future.
"Following the customs of most of our

predecessors in arctic voyaging, prepara-tions were made for theatricals on Christmas day. The talent of the crew was mustered up with satisfactory results. An mustered up with satisfactory results. An original play was prepared for the occasion by Jerome Collins, correspondent of the Herald. Sailor like, being absent from the Herald. Sailor like, being absent from all dar, an' Marse Prentiss he tilt de jim-like and the sail dar, an' Marse Prentiss he tilt de jim-like an' no' out de bigges' drams den den de la like an' no' out de bigges' drams den den de la like an' no' out de bigges' drams den den de la like an' no' out de bigges' drams den den de la like an' no' out de bigges' drams den de la like an' no' out de bigges' drams de la like an' no' out de bigges' de la like an' no' out de bigges' drams de la like an' no' out de bigges' de la like an' no' out

Jolity of the occasion. Elexia, our North American Indian, contributed his share to the performance by executing native war and hunt dances. The minstrelsy portions of the play, with its jokes, went off par-ticularly well. But the grand "slamanade," as it was called by the men, occurred when Miss Susan, the flancee of the loving blue-jacket, made her appearance on the improvised stage tricked out in a calico gown and a headdress that would do credit to some of our Washington milliners. It is needless to say there was a round of applause when the young lady (?) flirted her skirts about, showing not the usual beautiful and well-turned ankle, but instead, good-sized moccasins stuffed with straw to keep the feet of the fair damsel warm. effect was sublime, though the effort was ridiculous. Nevertheless young Shar-vell, the youngest member of the ship's company, with his clean-shaven face and feminine apparel, made a very fine appear-ing young woman. Indeed, she looked so attractive that our good old boatswain, Jack Cole, swore he would have a kiss of young lady, even though it was a m. The calico gown and petticoats worn by the heroine were the nearest approach to the genuine articles that there was in the Arctic ocean at that time, there being not a single feminine member of the

The play went off well. All hands were hilarious, and in order to make Christmas more real both officers and men were served with an extra portion of grog with sugar, hot water and lemon peel added, to give the brew a more artistic flavor. We finished the day with an extra dinner with real plum pudding.

human race within 500 miles of us.

I have spent three Christmas days north of the arctic circle, and I can assure my good friends that I have seen greater hard-

NOWHERE ON CHRISTMAS.

The Curious Experience of Those on

Board the Thistle. "I once experienced the curious and unusual sensation of finding myself 'nowhere' on a ship bearing the stars and stripes," said Chief Engineer Harrie Webster of the navy to a Star reporter today. "Late in the season of 1866," said he, "the United States steamer Thistle, in command of a brave sailor of the olden time, was cruising along the coast of West Africa, bound for St. Paul de Loando, that desolate Portuguese penal settlement, from which a successful escape has yet to be recorded. The deported malefactors whose misdeeds have brought them to St. Paul de Loando realize that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cell; for the most complete liberty prevails—but no one can get away. The deadly fevers kill those who flee by land; the tiger of the sea awaits the one who would escape by water. The orders of the Thistle were to the effeet that a return to Lisbon was to be effected some time between Christmas day and New Year day, so the ship sailed away, past the glistering piles of bleaching cuttle-fish bone lining the beach of the harbor, past the everlasting sand dunes forming the landscape, past the groups of wondering natives, into the lifeless and somber black of the Atlantic ocean.

"Keeping well out from the coast under

"Keeping well out from the coast, under the advice of the navigator, the Thistle soon dropped the low and uninteresting shores of the African continent below the horizon, and stood away for Cape Palmas, lying in the direct route to the Portuguese capital. Fair progress was made into the smooth and oily blackness of the great Fight of Benin, and on the third day out navigator announced on Christmas eve that the morrow would bring a surprise so rovel that its like had never probably happened before.

'As Christmas day broke fair and rosy, the ship's company, officers and men alike were on the lookout for the promised surwere on the lookout for the promised sur-prise. Nothing happened, however, and the ship's monitor struck the usual 'eight tells,' with the accompaniments of 'piping to dinner' by the shrill-voiced boatswains'

Disappointment was plainly visible throughout the ship, as the navigator emerged from the cabin after his custom-Ery mid-day interview with the captain.
Halling on the quarter-deck for a moment
to attract the attention of the officer on
watch, the navigator at last gave the promised surprise: 'Mr. -

itude and longitude as zero, the ship was nowhere at noon.'
"And such was the fact. The good ship Thistle nad crossed the equator at noon of Christmas day, 1866, on the meridian of Greenwicr, and was literally 'nowhere.'"

HENRY SHORTER'S CHRISTMAS.

The Gifts the Old Kunnel Gave Him Down at Clober Fiel's.

Old Henry Shorter is very well known to many housekeepers in the West End, where he pursues a livelihood removing the blood tingling in my veins as it did ashes and doing odd jobs around his patrons' premises. His grizzled gray hair shows Time has touched him heavily, but he wears the imprint well.

"Is I goin' ter nab er happy Crismus?" repeated Henry, in response to an inquiry. "I speck I is, suh, 'cause I mosely duz, suh. I bin pitty lucky roun' erbout dem times mose allus. Duz I rickoleck de bestest wun I ebber had? Dat I duz, suh; dat I duz. Twuz like dis hyah. My ole marster, ole Kunnel Dan'ls, wuz er mitey kine marster ter 'is niggahs, an' enny wunner um whut kin git de means ter buy hissef, de kunnel ud let 'im do it. Well, suh, de kunnel's son, Prentiss, de boy whut I he'p ter bring up an' lun ter ride an ter hunt coon an' ter hunt 'possum, an' eddycate datter way in gin'l, he dun git big an' he he'p me ter buy myse'f. I'd dun git big an he by dat time, an' Sue, dat wuz my wife, she'd dun had er leetle boy chile, but she b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat others not so well off even as we were, and others not so well off even as we were, and though this might seem cold comfort to some, yet we who had so much to be some, yet we who had so much to be some, yet we who had so much to be blong ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, b'long ter de kunnel, b'long ter de kunnel, wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, b'long ter de kunnel, wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my boy, he din b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my b'long ter de kunnel, an' 'co'se Zeke, dat wux my b'long ter de kunnel, a though this might some the some, yet we who had so much to be some, yet we who had so much to be thankful for were comparatively happy in the frozen arctic in our well-built little ship, notwithstanding we were drifting God ladies like her mightily. Well, suh, 'bout fo' year atter I buy myse'f an' gitter be er frozen niggah, Crismus cum ergin, an' dat quarters ter git dat Crismus dram an' dem gifses whut de kunnel an' de ole missus gin um, I wuz wid um dess de same zif I warn't no free niggah.

heroine of the play.

"A prologue in verse was prepared by Collins, containing gentle hits at all the officers and men, which feature I am pleased to ray was taken in good part by every one and added very much to the follity of the occasion. Elexia, our North up erount de big house an' de w'ite fokes ud dess beat dese yere nowadays Santy Clawses clean outer dey butes w'en it cum ter givin' gifses. Well, suh, dat Chrismu I don been er tellin' you erbout, atter all de yuther niggahs dun git dey drams an' dey gifses, de ole kunnel, he holler out: Whar dat dam wufless free niggah, Henry; whar dat man Shorter at?' I say, 'Here me, marse kunnel.' Den he say, 'Oh, dere you is, hay? I like yo imperdens, comin' up hyah wid all dese hyah wukkin fokes.

What yer gotter say fo' yo'se'f, suh?'
"Den I say dat all I gotter say is I wish de kunnel an' ole Miss Sally an' young Miss Sally an' Marse Prentiss an' Miss Jule an' Marse Phil Tol'ver an' leetle Phil er merry Crismus an' er hap' noo yeer, an'

skuse me fur bein' erount. "Den, suh, de ole kunnel he luk bracker an' madder yit, an' he say: 'Prentiss, go in dar an git whut dis yere no count man desarves.' Den Marse Prentiss he go in de dinin' rum do', an' w'en he cum out dar wuz Sue an' Zek'l wid 'im.

"'Dem's yo' Chrismus gifses, Henry,' say ole kunnel, wid de worter comin' into he eye.. 'Dey's dess ez free ez yo' is, pep in' ef any ob de fambly ebber leabes lober Fiel's I'll set de dawgs on um.'" Henry paused, reflectively, and a mois-ture very much like the colonel's suffused "I 'spec' we'd a all bin down dar yit ef

it hadn' bin fur de wah," he said. "I tells yo', suh, dem wuz days, an' I reckon dey ain' menny men livin' whut got dey ole woman an' chile fur Crismus gifses." Then the old man toiled off, shaking his head earnestly.

A Lonely Day for Him. "A Christmas that I will never forget is

the first one I ever spent in Washington," said Mr. Charles Moore, clerk to the Senate committee on the District of Columbia. "That was just twenty-three years ago, when I came here from college to spend the A friend was to meet me at the Pennsylvania depot, but through a mistake he thought I would come by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. There he went and waited for one train after another and scanned the passengers as they alighted. All this time was at the Pennsylvania depot waiting satiently. A cold rain was falling and I tot very little Christmas cheer that morning. Later in the day, when I gave up ever seeing my friend, I went to the Ebbitt House and was comfortable, if somewhat lonely, there for the balance of the day.

HE WAS NOT SCARED.

Though It Was Christmas Eve and the Place Was Haunted.

Police Sergt. W. W. Perry, captain of the watch in the District building, tells a story of a Christmas experience at his home near Frederick, Md., more than forty years ago. It was the custom of the men and women, boys and girls, about Christmas time, to dress in Santa Claus costumes and distribute candies and toys through the neighborhood to the children. But each child who wanted the presents had to be subjected to a shower of switches laid on with light hands. In those days the visit of Santa Claus was an event looked for-ward to by the children with more than ordinary interest. A Christmas party never complete without Raphael Jarboe, who once lived at Emmitsburg.

The home of Sergt. Perry's parents was a favorite meeting place for the party, and on one day before Christmas word was received that Jarboe would be a little late, as he had been called to Frederick on busi-ness. He was particular to enjoin upon his friends that they must by no means start on the pleasure trip until he returned. Jarboe lived about a mile from the Perrys, and to reach their house it was nec for him to pass through a ravine on a piece of disputed land which was reputed to be haunted. Because of the dispute as to the title, the land had been surveyed a score of times, and the sound of the country surveyors' chains could be heard there almos

any time.
"On this occasion," said the sergeant "our party had gathered and made ready for the evening's trip, when word was re-ceived that 'Rafe' Jarboe would be late. We had our dough faces all prepared, and some one suggested a visit to the haunted

ground to frighten Jarboe. faced men were in hiding when along comes 'Rafe.' The chains were rattled and ihose in the party imitated the surveyors the best they could, calling 'stick,' 'stuck,' and when they had made their calls several times, 'Rafe,' who pretended that their presence on the haunted ground had not affected him in the slightest degree, called book.' You in the slightest degree, called back, 'You

can't scare me.'
"But almost instantly," the sergeant continued, "he started on a run, and did not stop until he encountered a big dog near our house, and then his loud calls attracted our attention. He was almost out of breath when he came in, and his explanation was that he had been running because he feared he would be too late to join the party. When he reached the house he was greeted by loud cheers and laughter, and the arri-val of his dough-faced companions a few seconds later called forth the statement, You didn't scare me.' '

NO TURKEY THAT DAY.

The Junior Officers Had to Be Content With Young Penguin. "The most desolate Christmas I ever

spent," said Capt. Samuel C. Lemly, U. S. N., "was at the uninhabited island known as Desolation or Kerguelen, in the South Indian ocean, where I was on duty in a ship connected with the 'Transit of Venus' expedition of 1874. The transit came off in good shape on the 8th of December, at which time we were anchored in Christmas Harbor, toward the northern part of the sland, whence we went to Royal sound and anchored in Three Island Harbor, near anchored in Three Island Harbor, near which was located the party of observers. Here we spent Christmas; for, while the party had been very successful with their observations of the transit, they had not, previously to that time, had a sufficient number of satisfactory observations for longitude to accurately locate the position of their little observatory, so that we had to extend our stay unexpectedly and were to extend our stay unexpectedly and were rather short of 'grub.'
"We of the steerage mess had fattened

a fine turkey for Christmas dinner, but to our consternation found, on Christmas eye, our consternation found, on Christmas eye, that he had been sacrificed on the previous Sunday-by mistake, of course-for the wardroom mess, so that we had to regate curselves with young penguin, which, though said to resemble rabbit, is more like figh in taste.

"However, our colored steward got even with that wardroom mess. They had a fine lot of chickens, and he would go to the coop occasionally at night and with a sail maker's needle kill one of them by plercing its brain. He would then make it convenient to be on hand the next morning, when he wardroom steward cleaned the and 'threw out the dead,' and would ex-claim, Don't frow dat chicken away, don't frow him away, gib him to me; he nuff for de midshipmen!'-and he was.'

FIFTY BELOW ZERO.

But Christmas on the Yukon Was Jolly Affair.

Mr. J. T. Dyer, the well-known real estate dealer of this city, has spent a rather remarkable Christmas. There were two of them, which were somewhat similar. These were in the years of '66 and '67, when Mr. Dyer was in Alaska, connected with the geological survey. The Christmas of 1867, when the thermometer was only a trifle of 50 or 60 degrees below zero and only a glimpse was had of the sun during the day, the party with which Mr. Dyer was connected managed, nevertheless, to have a first-rate time. They did not work on that day, and did nothing, according to Mr. Dyer's story, but eat, drink and enjoy

"The party with which I was connected," said Mr. Dyer, "was at Nulato, about 600 miles up the Yukon. Dr. W. H. Dall of the Smithsonian Institution was at the head of our party. There was plenty of snow around and ice, so that things looked Christmassy enough. We did not hang up our stockings, from the fact that Santa Claus was not aware that we were at that time residing so near his headquarters.
The house in which we were quartered at Nulato was a very warm one, built of logs, and the room which we occupied was kept most comfortable by a large Dutch oven.

"We stayed around the house most of the day. One of the party was Michael Labarge, the French voyageur after whom Lake Labarge was named. We played cards, sang and had a good time generally in the house. We watched with great in erest the preparations for the Christmas dinner, which were being attended to under the directions of Dr. Dall. We had been thinking of this for a long time and it was as good a dinner as any one anywhere could wish for. We had been saving up for it for some time. We were fashionable enough to have it served at 5 o'clock. Our table was neatly covered with cotton drill. The following was the bill of fare: Soup, a la Yukon; arctic grouse (roast), Alaska cranberry sauce, California (pre-served) peas and tomatoes, pies, dried ap-ple, pudding, ginger bread, a la Dall; iced

cheese, coffee, tea, ice water, rum punch and pipes ad libitum. "We had saved the liquor from the stores. Liquor is not good, however, in those re-gions, as hot tea is a much better drink on all occasions. A pound of tea is worth a

DIED ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Young Soldier's Premontion That

Came True. Dr. Tindall, the secretary to the board of District Commissioners, who has an anniversary war yarn for every day in the year, tells of an incident which occurred about Christmas time in his military experience. "There are so many of these incidents." he explained, "that I hardly know which to tell first, but as The Star was kind enough

tell first, but as The Star was kind enough several years ago to publish one of my narratives, founded on a premonition of one of the officers of the regiment, which was strikingly verified by events, I might try my hand at another account with a presentiment for its theme.

"Sergt. H. of my company was one of thousands on both sides in the war who, as Senator Foraker said of President McKinley, 'took his musket in his boyish hands, responsive to the call of duty;' and no better fellow or braver soldier ever carried a musket on his shoulder. Shortly after the army crossed the Rappahannock river into the city of Fredericksburg, about December 11, 1862, my regiment stacked arms in one of the lower streets of the city, and the boys scattered themselves all over the town as and myself, with Trench and Althouse as substitutes. Catlin was captain. I played at center. The Washington team was made up of college boys home on vacation. Wells, the present captain of the Columbia Athletic team, was one of the number, and the others were members of the teams of Lafayette, Princeton and Lebels of Lafayette, P high colleges They were stronger indi-vidually than we were, but they had not practiced together and did not compare with the cadets in team work. As I said, we wiped the earth up with them. The

curiosity or hunger and thirst guided them. With several others I was fortunate enough to find within the distance of a few houses of the street where the regiment was stationed an unoccupied house which promised to afford a goodly amount of the creature comforts for which we sought. Somewhere in this house the boys found a stove and nearly a barrel of flour, and down in the cellar an immense jar of raspberry jam. One of them found a silk dress, which he gave to me and which I put in my haversack, without any special object, except dent looked us over and remarked signifi-cantly that we needn't go to recitations that day. I guess he thought we needed a rest after our holiday experiences, and he was right."

"The Christmas which is the most mem rable one to me," said Dr. William Pope Young, "was the last one of the war. That day I was seated in the pines near Petersburg, writing to my dear old mother in this city and watching my dinner cook. The meal consisted of beans, not too multitudinous, and a piece of bacon about an inch square, and so rusty that fat could not have been tried out of it in a furnace. I described my meal to my mother, and added that I knew every Yankee sergeant within a mile and a half of me was having his Christmas turkey and plum pudding. The letter reached my mother, and she told me afterward that after reading it she could never partake of anything good to eat without feeling a choking sensation. But, I tell you, those beans and that morsel of bacon tasted mighty good. Hunger, you know, is a great relish."

CHRISTMAS IN A DUGOUT.

Life Was Passing Away While the Blizzard Raged.

"The saddest Christmas of my life," said Webster Davis, assistant secretary of the interior, to a representative of The Star, 'was when I went out west to visit a dear chum of mine who was dying of that most dreaded of diseases-consumption. "John was the son of a poor old soldier,

this armor he had tied around his neck the straps of his well-filled haversack, so that who had been crippled in the war of the rebellion; we called the father "Uncle Ben," for everybody loved him and treated him as a special favorite-indeed, Uncle Ben and commenced to deploy as skirmishers up the bank, the confederates opened fire from several batteries upon it. Our company, John were loved by all who knew them. John's mother had died when he was quite which was next to the last, received the full benefit of all the shells which were ina little boy, and he was taught to give to his father that love and affection which usually goes out to the mother. When the great land excitement began to prevail in the western part of Kansas, in Colorado, Neover the leading companies into scattered fragments, hissing destruction to everybraska and other western states. Uncle Ben and John caught the fever and went west and One burst a short distance above the head located on a claim. They made a rude dug-out and fitted it up as best they could, for they were poor; they had cultivated a small of the sergeant and a large piece of it tore down through his fortifications, scattering them to the four winds, without even scratching his body, which he had thought patch of ground and their harvest for the first season was not very good; but they thought, by strict economy and much care, they would be able to get through the winter all right and hoped to do better the so vulnerable, but crushing to jelly his foot from the tips of his toes to his instep. He was well and promptly cared for, and sent was well and promptly cared for, and sent with many other wounded to a Washington hospital, where he was apparently in a fair way to recovery when lockjaw supervened, and on Christmas morning, he with heroic fortitude yielded his brave young life, a precious Christmas offering to the cause for which he had exposed himself to all a soldier's risks."

"John contracted a severe cold, which soon developed into consumption, and he sank rapidly. Hearing if his condition, I went out to spend Christmas with him and Uncle Ben. I found their home about fifteen miles from the nearest town and several miles from the nearest habitation. Poor John was very low, but he was able to greet me and talk some about the past. We sat and talked of days long since passed and gone, and lived over again, as it passed and gone, and lived over again, as it were, the past; the good old Christmas times of other years glided before us as a panorama. He knew he was soon to die, and spoke of the end with perfect calmness, and almost his last request was to be buried under a lone cottonwood tree that stood on a little knoll a few rods from the durgout; there were no other trees for when dugout; there were no other trees for miles

"I shall never forget the scene in the dugout that Christmas day; Uncle Ben was busy, almost all day, trying to keep us warm, putting buffalo chips on the fire un til the supply of fuel was nearly exhausted; the weather was very cold, for a fearful blizzard raged all day. None of the neighbors came in, as it was impossible for people to get about; so there we were alone. "A few days later John died, and by loving hands was laid away in the place he had selected. When dear Uncle Ben came back to the dugout, old, gray and absolute-ly alone in the world, he broke down and wept like a child. Some one said: 'Don't give up. Uncle Ben, you have some friends left. 'Ah, yes,' said he, 'so I have, and I appreciate them, too, but Uncle Sam is my best friend, for he has made a home for old, broken-down and homeless soldiers, such as I, and I will go to the Soldiers' Home.' He did so, and a short time after died and was buried with military honors.

"Truly, that was a gloomy Christmas for me, and even now, though many years have passed since then, on every Christmas day I find myself thinking of the little grave of my old chum under the lone cot-

onwood tree on the western prairies. A MEMORY OF THE WAR.

Gratitude Finds Expression.

"Do I know of any especially interesting incident of Christmas time?" repeated Mr. J. Nota McGill, register of wills for the District of Columbia, when that query was put by a Star reporter. "Yes, there is one of which I always enjoy thinking, and it is this:

"At the battle of Bull Run, along with the hundreds maimed and wounded on that memorable occasion, was a tall, handsome young fellow from the northern part of the state of Maryland. In active engagement, when the fighting was the hottest, a bullet penetrated his leg a few inches below the knee, rendering amoutation necessary. He, many others, was brought to this city

JARDIN DES PLANTES

W. Pope Young's Beans and Bacon.

GREAT MEN HAVE STUDIED THERE

Now It is Given Over Altogether to

PARIS, December 16, 1897. could not!" this has been the answer to inquiring

tourists whose curiaroused by some old-time book about what was once the most famous botanical and zoological garden of the world. Many are contented with what they are told, and go off to the spick-and-span Jardin d'Acclimatation, organized as a money-making concern by a private corporation in a corner

There they can view conveniently the great mandril age, can ride on the miniature tramway, drawn by ponies, through the trees and by the lakes, and on Sundays and Thursdays lirten to one of the good concerts of instrumental music for a few sous. So they forget all about the oldfashioned Jardin des Plantes, which is far away in a part of the great city, which no one who is anybody ever visits.

The loss is their own, for it is still beau tiful, it is full of reminiscences of some of the world's best men, it has many things to show which are not found elsewhere, and the crowd that saunters and chatters and opens wide eyes without shame of their wonder are things to see in Paris by one who would know something besides the boulevard and the foreigners' quarter.

seventy-seven acres of land in the south- From the Detroit Free Press. east corner of Paris, stretching back from the river Seine. It is the lowland across

on the hill, only a step from the upper entrance of the Jardin des Plantes, there has been recently dug out one-half of the amphitheater, which the conquering Romans built for their gladiatorial gemes, when they came back to take final pos session of Paris.

tween men and wild beasts. Nowadays, they scruple to allow a moderate buil fight, in the buildings that surround the famou Jardin

History of the Place.

Then the French kings went into the show business, and we can follow the court

At the present day the schools, with lectures by men of authority in science—free to all, like everything else in republican France—are well worth the attention of those who make some stay in Paris. There PARIS, December 16, 1897. Inose who make some stay in Paris. There is also the precious library, with a collection unique in the world. This is a series of painted designs of plants and animals, done on parchment and begun before the time of Louis and December 16, 1897. done on parchment and begun before the time of Louis XIV. It has been continued down to our own days by some of the most eminent painters of plant and animal life. It already forms 100 folio volumes, with 6,000 designs of plants, mammals, birds, reptiles fishes insects shell. up the elephants and the giraffe, the monkeys and the dromedaries, and reptiles, fishes, insects, shells and the rest. tried their best to Its Latter Day Visitors. In the botanical gallery, the herbarium eat the hyenas, but has over 500,000 specimens. In geology the For many years systematic collection of earths alone has

10,000 samples, and in the department of anthropology there are 13,000 specimens of man in all his different races, with over osity has been 3,000 skulls and 200 skeletons, each of a different human variety. But all this is only a beginning of these

endless collections, which have been under formation for more than a hundred years— and which the tourist seldom takes the pains to see Apart from all scientific interest the Sun-

day crowd of "little people"—shopkeepers and workingmen, women and children of the neighborhood—is well worth a visit to They have all the virtues of the

see. They have all the virtues of the French race—families taking their pleasure together, frugally, content with the little they have and wondering at everything they see without shame, like children whose minus are not haunted by the thought of respectability.

They press into the museums, gaze at the statues—some, like the bronze snake charmer, works of high art—they buy cakes and thin drinks at the stands—which Paris does not think interfere with science—while the elderly meditate on the nothingness of earth and the scarcity of leaves and flowers.

For it must be said that the live plants seem most wanting, though there are here 13,000 different species—with 1,800 varieties of the pear tree alone—in this wonderful, ancient, yet comparatively unknown Jardin des Plantes. STERLING HEILIG. des Plantes.

A Lucky Accident.

It is seldom that you hear a wealthy and fashionable woman relate such an experience, but she has the same good sense, the same kind heart that made her so admirable in the deepest shadows of adver-

"It is rather an old-fashioned Christmas story," she said, "but it is associated with the happiest event of my life. Kate and I were left all alone on the old farm, where our lines had fallen into troublesome experience after we had both secured a better education than was common among country girls at that time. We were not the most efficient maragers in the world, and a point had been reached in our affairs where the mortgage was to be foreclosed the week before Christmas.
"The man who was to throw us out of

our old home, as a mere matter of busi-ness, came to look over his prospective possessions, hiring a livery rig at the nearest station. There was a runaway, and we found an unconscious and unknown young man not a hundred yards from the gate. It took us some time to nurse him back to strength, and while doing all we could for him, we told him in detail of the misfortunes that were about to culminate in the loss of home itself. Kate had a sharp tongue, and the way she abused the holder of that marksage brought are to him to of that mortgage brought me to his iefense. I insisted that he was not a moner, and that he must have extended a financial favor in order to get the claim he had upon us.
"Material for our Christmas feast came

as did manna to the children of Israel, and after our guest left that evening I found a clease of the mortgage in a stocking that I had thrown aside while darning. I supose I was the consideration, for the morte gagee now calls me wife."

Conversational Dilemmas From the Golden Penny.

Some amusing stories are told of conversational plights from which escape has been found with more or less success

Lord Dufferin, whose hospitality while viceroy of India has passed into a proverb was in the habit of sending his "shikarri" with such of his guests as were in search of sport. Returning one day from one of these shooting expeditions, the shikarri met the viceroy, who asked: "Well, what kind of sport have you had today?" answered the "boy," with charming di-plomacy, "the young sahib shot divinely, out God was very merciful to the bords. Less happy was the east end curate to whom a carpenter, one of his parishioners, brought a photograph. "Here's the likeness of my boy," the carpenter said, "you said you'd like to have one." "Ah, yes!" the you'd like to have one." "An, yes: the curate answered, "it's awfully good of you to bring it, and how is the dear little fellow?" "Wny, sir, he's dead, you know," the father said, reproachfully. "Oh, yes! the father said, reproachfully. "Oh, yes! of course I know that," the curate answered. "I mean-eh-how's the man who

Carlyle on Shakespeare.

Thomas Carlyle.

took the photograph?"

The latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakespeare, new elucidations of their own human being, "new harmonies with the infinite structure of the universe, concurrences with later ideas, affinities with the higher powers and senses of man." This well deserves meditating. It is nature's highest reward to a true simple great soul, that he gets thus to be a part of herself. Such a man's works, whatsoever he with utmost conscious exertion and forethought shall accomplish, grow up withal unconsciously, from the unknown deeps in him—as the oak tree grows from the earth's bosom, as the mountains and waters shape themselves with a symmetry grounded on nature's own laws, conforma-ble to all truth whatsoever. How much in Shakespeare lies hid; his sorrows, his that was not known at all, not speakable at all; like roots, I'ke sap and forces work-ing underground. Speech is great; but slience is greater.

Vaccinated on His Toe. From the Walton (Ga.) News.

"While on a recent visit to Walton, Judge Nunnally of Lithonia was recounting the incidents of a smallpox scare that came along when he was a boy at school. The children in all the rural districts were vaccinated, and usually the human virus was used-a much more dangerous method than is at present in vogue. One big boy at school decided that he would vary the regular practice of vaccination in the arm and was inoculated in one of his great toes and thought it great fun. In due time the big toe swelled and then inflamed, and then it swelled and inflamed some more until the toe was as large as the enterprising youth's head. Finally the swelling was assuaged and the boy could walk again, but nobody else was vaccinated in the toe."



des Plantes.

This is a famous place in the history of the sciences. Here botany had its first

and placed in an improvised hospital down and placed in an improvised nospital down near the Long bridge.

"When his suffering was very intense and his hunger great, two ladies, of that noble band who ministered to the wants of the sick and wounded of those days, observing this young soldier, and learning his wants, brought him a most temptingly cooked fowl.

cooked fowl.
"The gratitude of that man has found expression each succeeding Christmas since that day. He is now an official of the government, and although at times a great sufferer, he never fails to select the Christmas turkey for the survivors of the family who so charitably helped to alleviate his sufferings over thirty years ago."

score was twenty something to nothing.
Afterward we had a fine dinner at the
Ebbitt House and then went to the theater in the evening. What else we did
I'll not say, but when we reported at the
Academy next morning, the superinten-Waggles—"I tell you, I talked to him like a father."

Wiggles—"It won't do any good, if he listened to you like a son."—Somerville

ping track of the whereabouts of the royal menagerie. It was first on the island, where visitors now go to see the Sainte Chapelle. Then it wandered successively to the old Louvre; to Saint Paul of Dumas' novels; and finally, when America was discovered and began astonishing Europeans with its products, to Versailles.

with its products, to Versailles.

There Louis XIV built a home for his beasts, just as he built the richest of the palaces of Europe fir himself. When the great revolution came and swept royalty from France, it brought the beasts back in triumph to Paris, where all the people could see them. They were placed in what had been known until then as "The King's Garden of Middenal Herbs," and that is low the place, though greatly enlarged and changed, is called until this day the Jardin des Plantes.

One Spot in Paris That is but Rarely Visited.

the "Little People."

A REMARKABLE COLLECTION

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star

of the Bois de Boulogne.

Where It is. The Jardin des Plantes covers nearly

which the troops of Julius Caesar had their first sight of the Gauls, camped on the hill above, under their native king, Camulogenes. The Romans did not have the best of it that time, but the leader of the Gauls On the hill, only a step from the upper

session of Paris.

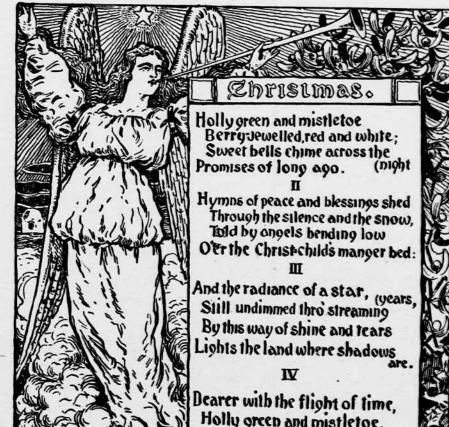
The stone benches and the steps leading down to the arena have been restored, and children play about them. The visitor can figure to himself the fine Parisian ladies of that time looking down on the combats beand the beasts are confined in cages here

Across the street to the west is the great wine market-Halles des Vins-a town by itself, carefully inclosed, with streets along which are the warehouses, cellars and offices, through which must pass all the wines that enter this wine-drinking city.

It is a strange history how the Garden

of Plants became also a garden of beasts and fishes, stuffed and alive. It took say eral centuries of progress and revolution to do it. Long ago, when it was no easy task to get around the world, only kings could pretend to menageries. The good Haroun-al-Raschid, when he was Caliph, sent to the mighty Emperor Charlemagne a monke and an elephant. Many centuries later, Bocaccio, the story teller, reckons it one of the greatest happinesses of riches that they allow one to keep a monkey. In Paris itself, it was the reverend canon

of the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame who kept the beasts inside the cloister, of part of the island which was reserved to the clergy. But in 1245 along came a delegate from the pope, who ordered the lonely canons to get rid of their "boarders," which were, so he said, a ridiculous distraction for



Holly green and mistletoe,

Berry-Jewelled ever grow

When these lips are cold that thyme. WILLH-CHANDLEE.

through the different royal palaces of Paris